

Semi-Weekly South Kentuckian.

VOLUME IX.

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HOPKINSVILLE, CHRISTIAN COUNTY, KY., APRIL 1, 1887.

NUMBER 26

Mason, of Boston, had arrived the night before, and taken the spare room. They were very wealthy people, who had boarded with Miss Smith for three successive summers, finding in the quiet of this secluded village an enjoyment that no crowded watering-place could give them. Tad had seen very little of them, and only noticed that the lady was rather stout and pleasant-faced, while the gentleman was also stout and rather jolly. The name was curiously familiar, though, and he racked his brain in vain to think where he had heard it.

Tad always had his liberty on Saturday afternoon, and, borrowing Mr. Kenneth's big, flat-bottomed boat, he had invited Joe Whitney, Polly Flagg and the dog Bounce to go after lilies in Bixport pond—a beautiful sheet of water far from Deacon Whitney's.

"There's Mr. Mason and his wife already," said Polly, glancing ashore; "they always put up some lunch and start for the pond just as soon as they get fairly settled at Miss Smith's."

"Yes," returned Tad, "but then we shouldn't be any the wiser for that, down here in Bixport, for about the only city papers that come here are the Congregationalist and the New England Farmer."

"Come ashore and have some lunch, young folks," called Mr. Mason, who was a great favorite in Bixport, because, as they said, "he nor his wife put on city airs—if they were worth half a million dollars."

So the boat was headed for the shore, and, as it touched the beach, Polly, with both hands full of long-stemmed, fragrant treasures, jumped ashore—followed more slowly, by Tad and Joe.

"John, dear, will you look at those lovely lilies!" exclaimed Mrs. Mason; and, at the sound of her voice, it all came back to Tad—the Pillman car, and the night journey to Mr. Forrest's behind Mrs. John G. Mason's chair, sheltered by Mrs. John G. Mason's cloak. How funny it was to be sure!

The little party gathered round the lily-basket, under the shade of some delightfully tall pines, and began to discuss a rather substantial lunch. At a little distance were the Misses Baker, two very nice girls of culture, from Boston—and, having said this, it is perhaps unnecessary to add that the younger wore eye-glasses, and had brought a volume of Ruskin for light reading, while her sister, with artistic tendencies, was seated under a large white umbrella before an easel, making a sketch of Bixport pond in oils.

Mr. Forrest, who represented himself as of the first families of New York, was most elaborately dressed in a cool and becoming boating suit of cream-colored flannel; and when he arose from a very green, mossy log on which he had been sitting, the effect of color was so striking as to draw an audible snort from the observant Joe Whitney.

"Say, Mr. Forrest," he called, with his mouth full of sandwich, "I wouldn't set down much in them white cloths, there's lots of bumble-bee nests round here."

Mr. Forrest, who had turned red and did not receive the suggestion in a kindly spirit.

"Fifteen? Well," he continued, gayly, as Tad shook his head resolutely, "what will you take? Twenty? Twenty-five?"

"Why, it isn't mine to sell, sir," was the same grave reply, and Mr. Forrest muttered something under his breath in reference to "an obstinate young fool," which Tad did not quite catch.

Further conversation on the subject was prevented by the sudden appearance of Poly Flagg, accompanied by Joe Whitney, on her way to school. Poly, who was a special favorite with Miss Smith, had permission to pick all the flowers she wanted. So, with a smile and nod to Tad, she began collecting a little bouquet of purple pansies for Miss Burkhardt, her teacher; while Joe, with one hand in his pocket, calmly munched a huge winter melon, which he held in the other.

"Have a bite, Mr. Forrest," asked Joe, advancing the unbroken side of the apple, with easy familiarity.

To please the youth Mr. Forrest consented and unthinkingly set his teeth in a portion of the tempting fruit. Joe jerked away his hand suddenly, for some reason or other, and stood apparently transfixed with astonishment as he did so, for inserted in the apple which he held was left a very nice set of false teeth.

With an impulsive exclamation Mr. Forrest grasped apple and all, and vanished through the gate, leaving a small party of three convulsed with laughter, which was only checked by the appearance of Miss Smith, who condescended to smile grimly when she heard of the unfortunate occurrence.

"All right," replied Joe, with a wink of exquisite meaning directed to Poly, who shook her head at him warningly, and after another attack on the apples he sat in silent meditation.

"Got a pin, Poly?" he asked, in a low-toned voice, as he wiped a lingering crumb or two from his lips with his coat-sleeve.

"What do you want of it?" suspiciously returned Poly.

"Why I want it!" was the unsatisfactory reply.

"Here's one, Joe," said Mr. Mason, with I regret to say, a somewhat humorous twinkle in his eye.

"Now, John!" exclaimed his wife, as Joe took it, rose to his feet and strode off, "what made you give it to him—somehow, I don't like him one bit."

"All right," replied Tad, taking the paper, "I'll hand it to him, when I see him; though I don't fancy him much myself. But I wonder where on earth Joe is?" he added, suddenly noticing the prolonged absence of his friend and comrade.

"Joseph is here, son of the pale-face!" suddenly responded a guttural voice from the roadside, "but his feet no longer tread the paths of peace, for they are set upon the war-path, and before another moon the scalp of the Forrest chieftain shall dangle in his wigwam!"

With this terrible announcement, a figure attired in a blanket shawl, with disheveled hair hanging about his face, which was adorned with alternate stripes of crimson, pine and yellow, burst forth from the bushes, uttering a fiendish and blood-curdling yell. He shook wildly aloft a white lined umbrella with one hand, while in the other was an article held in the manner of an Indian spear, which Tad and Poly simultaneously recognized as the younger Miss Baker's patent folding easel. After allowing Mr. Forrest's anger a sufficient time to cool, Joe had wandered back to the shore, where he was at once chartered by Miss Baker to carry her shawl and sketching utensils back to her boarding-place, while Mr. Forrest took the little party for a row on the pond. The possession of such available material was too great a temptation for Joe, who had at once utilized them with the effect I have just described.

"Ha! Ha!" cried the Indian brave, executing a fantastic war-dance in the middle of the road, while Bounce barked, and his two friends regarded his paint-smeared face with astonishment. "Does the daughter of the Lenape shrink back? Let her have no fear—the flower of his tribe wars not upon helpless women, nor does he fear even though the dread avenger be at his heels!" Perhaps the red man's utterance would have been less boastful had he known that the avenger, in the unexpected person of Deacon Whitney, was so close at hand. The deacon, having been hunting up a stray arrow along the pond shore, had suddenly turned a bend in the wood-road and was about to recognize his erratic son's voice.

"I beg your pardon, ladies," he hastily exclaimed, as both the Misses Baker stared at him aghast, "but I fear there is a bee's nest in the vicinity; I have just been severely stung by one—But his explanation was

brought to an abrupt close by a singular noise, which—a seeming combination of stifled scream, repressed gasp and smothered laughter—proceeded from Joe Whitney, who, with a very

sharp intake of breath, had suddenly

and silently rejoined Tad and Poly.

"Y—you young villain!" wrathfully ejaculated Mr. Forrest, as the truth suddenly flashed across his mind, and, with this exclamation, he made a sudden dive in Joe's direction; but the wary youth, evading his grasp, dodged under his outstretched arm and disappeared among the trees.

Mr. Forrest was very angry, particularly when he discovered that a smear of pea-green paint extended from his forehead downward across his nose to his cheek, though he made a pretense of laughing it off as a joke.

"Just dip my handkerchief in the pond-water, Tad, and wipe this paint off my face, will you," he said, throwing it to Tad, who, taking it in silence, scrubbed down Mr. Forrest's face till it was tolerably clear. But with the paint was a chalky substance from over Mr. Forrest's right eyebrow, and, too late, that gentleman clapped his hand to his forehead, with a slight exclamation. Tad's sharp eyes detected a small bluish scar on Mr. Forrest's temple, that had been skillfully hidden by a touch of French chalk.

"How are you, Jones," thought Tad, with a little twinge of excitement, which he carefully concealed, handing back the handkerchief with apparent unconsciousness of the sharp glance given him by the city-bred gentleman, who clapped on his hat with considerable haste.

Tad then rejoined Poly, who had risen to her feet, and, after talking a little with the amused Mr. Mason, the two made their slow wavy homeward by the shady wood-road that followed the pond shore for quite a distance.

"Why, where is Bounce?" cried Poly, wondering what made Tad so unusually silent. "Here, Bounce! Bounce!" Bounce had grown into quite a sturdy, good-natured pup, with a gruff voice, and a propensity for picking up and carrying off any stray articles that he found lying about. Sometimes it was Poly's slipper, or perhaps one of Mrs. Flagg's dish-towels; but, curiously enough, he never tore or destroyed any thing of the kind.

So, as in answer to Poly's call, Bounce presently came rushing toward them through the bushes. Poly was not surprised at seeing something in his mouth.

"Naughty Bounce!" said Poly, with make-believe severity; "bring it here this moment, sir."

Bounce obeyed at once.

"Why, it's a pin, Poly?" he asked, in a low-toned voice, as he wiped a lingering crumb or two from his lips with his coat-sleeve.

"What do you want of it?" suspiciously returned Poly.

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SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN

FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1887.
CHAS. M. MEACHAM - Editor.

The New York Sun now publishes a bright, newsy edition at only one cent per copy.

Mrs. Logan states that inasmuch as she now has a sufficient income to maintain her, she wants no government pension.

The Louisville Times announces that it knows a man who has \$5,000 deposited in bank to bet that Gen. Buckner, if he lives, will be the next Governor of Kentucky.

Carter Harrison, after dilly-dallying for several days, has finally declined to be the Democratic nominee for Mayor of Chicago another term, and no one has yet been found to take his place on the ticket.

Hon. Thos. C. Reynolds committed suicide Thursday by plunging down the elevator shaft of the St. Louis Custom-House. He was 66 years of age and was Lieutenant Governor of Missouri in 1860 and fought a duel with B. Gratz Brown in 1854.

The new Sunday law of Missouri closes saloons and beer gardens, stops the running of street railroads, the publication of newspapers, all manual labor and all kinds of traffic on the Sabbath. It is the most rigid Sunday law ever passed by any of the States.

The great ocean yacht race was won by the Coronet, which passed the winning point at 12:50 p.m. Sunday, the actual time of the voyage from New York to Cork being 14 days, 19 hours and 3 minutes. The Dauntless was only a few hours behind at the end of the run.

Gov. Knott has entered in the National Drill at Washington one regiment, one battalion, two infantry companies, one platoon of light artillery; one of mounted guns and a rifle team of Kentucky troops. Evidently there is some fun ahead for the military boys.

Eleven negroes were poisoned by a Vicksburg doctor named Bonner, at Macon, Ga., this week. They were poisoned because they doubted the "doctor's" powers, whereupon he prophesied that the entire family would die within a month. Six of them had died up to yesterday and the survivors cannot live much longer. Bonner has made his escape.

A Wichita, Kansas, paper "calls a halt" to the wild speculation in that city, and predicts a financial crash if the plan of making additions to the town is not stopped. The speculators are adding the prairie for miles around to the city, and embracing enough land to build a city of one million inhabitants. Lots are being sold five miles from the city.

The enemies of Gen. Buckner are kicking because he owns half a million of property in Chicago and only \$12,000 worth in Kentucky. This is arrant nonsense. It is nobody's business what kind of property Gen. Buckner invests his surplus capital in or where his investments are made. The fact that he has the business capacity to look after a fortune of that magnitude is one of the strongest reasons why he should be selected to administer the affairs of Kentucky.

The wife of Jacob Bread, of Newark, Ohio, made it hot for her husband last week by throwing a pan of scalding water into his face. Mr. Bread was cooked by the operation, in fact he was so thoroughly cooked that he died a few hours later from the burns received. He does not seem to have been a well Bread fellow, as he was engaged in the pleasant pastime of caressing his wife with his fists when she defended herself with the above result. Mrs. Bread has not been arrested.

The Louisville Times is flattered itself that Louisville is to prosper from the misfortunes of other cities, under the workings of the Interstate Commerce Law. It takes a rather skeptical view of the situation:

"In the debates upon the Interstate Commerce Bill in Congress the chief assault of the opponents of the bill was directed against the long and short-haul sections. It was contended that if clause was left in the bill there would be a monopoly of the short-haul roads, owing to the continued dry weather, receipts and sales have been comparatively light for the past week; and prices for the common grades of dark export tobacco are a shade higher than common lugs and mean trash are without change, good rich leaf and lugs are scarce and are firm. The same may be said of black wrappers, as the sweating season is now close, though it is urged that it is to be very evident in regard to the quality of your tobacco, as we have never known it to make more difference in the sale of tobacco than it is doing now. The following quotations fairly represent our market for new dark tobacco.

Trash \$1.00 to 2.00.

Common to medium lugs \$2.00 to 2.50.

Good lugs \$2.75 to 3.50.

Common to medium leaf \$3.00 to 4.00.

Good to fine leaf \$4.00 to 6.00.

Leaf of extra length \$5.00 to 7.00.

William Makes a Slight Mistake.

(Somerset Times.)

"O, you good-for-nothing wretch!" exclaimed Big William's wife, as she raised her hand out of bed and felt in the cradle to see if the baby was covered over.

"What's the matter?" murmured Big William, as he turned in his sleep.

"Mother enough? Ough, you!

Wake up and go down stairs and bring baby up here this minute."

"Did bring him up. He's in the cradle."

"No such a thing. You're drunk too much cider. You wrapped me up in my blankets and rocked it to sleep in the cradle you wretched, and baby is down stairs on the sofa catching cold."

—Newport Journal.

KENTUCKY KNOWLEDGE.

Preston Means, aged 17, died suddenly of apoplexy, in Louisville, Saturday.

A C. & O. brakeman had his mouth mashed and his tongue cut off at Nortonville.

Louisville had ten inches of snow Thursday. It fell all day and until 10 o'clock at night.

Jas. G. Hunter, a hostler, was kicked to death by a horse in a Louisville livery stable.

A. P. Gooding has been re-nominated for the Legislature by the Madison county Democrats.

W. H. Martin has been elected to succeed Senator Reagan, of Texas, in the Lower House of Congress.

H. R. Rhea, J. W. Dyer and L. S. Henry are contesting for the Democratic nomination for representative from Union county.

Will Vowell, aged 10, stabbed and killed Will Lewis, aged 14, at Mt. Vernon, Monday. They quarreled over a game of "bumping."

A party of Maysville capitalists will start out through the mountains of Kentucky on horseback in a few days, and will prospect for purchases as far as Cumberland Gap.

Roy Beasley and Ben Whittaker, two young men of Garrard county, were knocked out of their buggy by lightning, which killed their horses. They were picked up and finally recovered.

Gov. Warmoth's plantation in Louisiana, has been selected upon which to make government experiments with sugar cane this year.

A sharp fight occurred between shepherds and cowboys near Grant's Station, N. M., in which two shepherds lost their lives and one cowboy was wounded.

Mrs. Rosanne Dennis died nearly seventeen years ago at Tiffin, O. Yesterday her remains were found to be petrified into flinty limestone by parties who disinterred them for burial elsewhere.

The men of Stockton, Kas., have retired from the field and turned over the municipal canvass to the ladies. A full city ticket, from mayor down, is the sum of \$100 each.

News comes from Washington that English syndicates are organizing to build flour mills in Brazil. It is feared at Baltimore that the success of the scheme will materially injure Baltimore and St. Louis milling interests.

GENERAL NEWS.

Frank James has moved to Dallas, Tex.

Troy, N. Y., suffered a hundred thousand dollar fire yesterday.

James G. Blaine is on his way from New York to St. Louis.

President Cleveland will appoint no more judges over 55 years of age.

The new Austrian minister to the United States has arrived at New York.

The Bell Telephone company held its annual meeting at Boston yesterday.

The National Builders' Association is holding its annual meeting at Chicago.

Near Alameda, Cal., four persons were drowned by the capsizing of a pleasure boat.

A fireman of a freight engine was killed in a collision at Carmi, Ill., Tuesday morning.

Aaron Hood fell dead from heart disease at Shelbyville, Ill., Sunday night, in presence of his family.

The residence of Robert Pringle, near Grant City, Mo., burned down and a son of Mr. Pringle perished in the flames.

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Spring Humors.

If you are afflicted with eruptions of the skin, pimples, blisters, or slight sores that will not heal, your blood is bad and full of impurities. You need Dr. Jackson's Cordial and Herb Cordial, which is an uniform remedy for any disease of the blood or system. Do you feel weak, debilitated, all tired out, feverish, or in poor spirits, use Dr. Jackson's Cordial, it will enrich your blood, strengthen your system and restore to you the natural buoyancy of your spirits. Sold by J. R. Armistead, Hopkinsville, Ky., at \$1.00 per bottle.

WAR PANORAMAS.

Description of the Process and Progress of Battle Picture Painting. The central platform is, of course, the standpoint from which visitors will view the panorama—and therefore the artists are obliged to go it frequently as the painting nears completion, in order to observe the effect and progress of their work. This, too, is the place of conference, and despite the signs of "No Admittance" within and without, visitors are frequent and usually welcome. These visitors are often veterans and soldiers who took part in the action represented and who often make helpful suggestions. The army stories that are told on the central platform, when old soldiers meet and discuss the old days, would, if collected, make a prodigious volume. The floor of the platform is chalked and rechalked with diagrams, some referring to the panorama, others to the battle scenes, to illustrate occurrences upon other fields. The copper rail surrounding the platform is pained all over with kindred decorations, while scraps of paper, upon which are memoranda of incidents and a variety of data, as well as names and addresses, are pinned to the convenient timber with thumb tacks. The artists paint directly, every individual artist being occupied in perfecting his own work, though most preferring to ask or extend aid in some special direction. One artist, for instance, has an excellent figure of a mounted officer, all complete excepting the portrait, a photograph for which is pinned to the canvas. While this artist goes to strengthen a line of battle, another will paint a scene in an admiral's portrait for the complete picture. Another brush is busy with the horse, while still another artist calls for some special saddle and bridle to be brought to the platform that he may paint the trappings. Now, look at the back of the photograph which is pinned to the canvas—a faded carte de visite of a young woman, or a piece of paper we find following a "C. K." now on General Sheridan's staff, the man in section H, square 47 of the panorama;" French cap, blouse, Captain's straps—staff—dark blue trousers, gold cord, cavalry boots, staff sword, McClellan saddle; Sabrac—black horse; set ketting. This instant will give an idea of the varied detail that are preserved when a panorama is painted by artists who conscientiously strive to make of the work a great historical painting.—St. Nicholas.

FRANK J. CHENEY, Esq.

Sprung to before me and subscriber in my presence, this 6th day December, A. D., 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

P. S.—Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and nervous system of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75 cents.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO,

LUCAS COUNTY, S. S.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio, State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that can not be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY, Esq.

Sprung to before me and subscriber in my presence, this 6th day December, A. D., 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

P. S.—Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and nervous system of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75 cents.

Louisville Tobacco Market.

(By Glover & Durst.)

The sales on our market for the week just closed amount to 1743 hds.

With receipts for the same period of 1743 hds. Sales on our market since January 1st amount to 3063 hds., owing to the continued dry weather, receipts and sales have been comparatively light for the past week; and prices for the common grades of dark export tobacco are a shade higher than common lugs and mean trash are without change, good rich leaf and lugs are scarce and are firm. The same may be said of black wrappers, as the sweating season is now close, though it is urged that it is to be very evident in regard to the quality of your tobacco, as we have never known it to make more difference in the sale of tobacco than it is doing now. The following quotations fairly represent our market for new dark tobacco.

Trash \$1.00 to 2.00.

Common to medium lugs \$2.00 to 2.50.

Good lugs \$2.75 to 3.50.

Common to medium leaf \$3.00 to 4.00.

Good to fine leaf \$4.00 to 6.00.

Leaf of extra length \$5.00 to 7.00.

William Makes a Slight Mistake.

(Somerset Times.)

"O, you good-for-nothing wretch!" exclaimed Big William's wife, as she raised her hand out of bed and felt in the cradle to see if the baby was covered over.

"What's the matter?" murmured Big William, as he turned in his sleep.

"Mother enough? Ough, you!

Wake up and go down stairs and bring baby up here this minute."

"Did bring him up. He's in the cradle."

No such a thing. You're drunk too much cider. You wrapped me up in my blankets and rocked it to sleep in the cradle you wretched, and baby is down stairs on the sofa catching cold."

—Newport Journal.

HOPKINSVILLE RETAIL MARKET

Corrected weekly by MCKEE & CO.

FLOUR—Patent process, \$5.00; choice XXXX

CORN MEAL—Unbaled, 4c; Pearl, or boiled 5c;

BRAIN—75c per quart.

PROVISIONS.

Pork—4 to 10 lbs; 5c gross.

Daison—Clear sides, 8 to 10c; ham, 15 to 14c;

Sugar cured, 19c; shoulders, 8 to 9c;

Lard—Country, 9c; bacon, 8c; snowflake, 10c;

Coffee—Choice, 20 to 25c; prime, 18 to 20c;

Tea—Standard granulated, 7c to 8c; powdered, 10 to 12c; coffee, A, 7 to 8c; rural C 6c to 8c; extra C, 5 to 7c; New Orleans, 7c to 8c; tea—25c to 35c.

Syrups—4c to 50c; kerosene, 1c;

Salt—1 bushel barrels, \$1.00; 5 bushels, \$1.75;

Corn oil—\$1.25 to 2c; turpentine 2c;

Pepper, per gal, 40c;

Cheese—Factory 12c to 14c; Young American 14 to 20; N. Y. Cheddar 17c to 20c.

Lemons—25c per doz.

Oranges—35c per doz.

SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1887.

HERE AND THERE.

This is All Fools Day.
The Grand Jury adjourned sine die last Monday.

Circuit Court will begin at Madisonville next Monday.

M. E. Ham has been appointed postmaster at Beverly.

J. B. Walker has three young milk cows with young calves, for sale.

For choice Cabbage and Tomato Plants. Apply to EUGENE WOOD.

P. D. Dawson, the Bennettstown merchant, has made an assignment.

Col. J. F. Gentry died at his home in Cadiz on the 13th of March, of kidney disease.

Of the 56 indictments returned by the grand jury 27 were for violating the prohibition law.

Mr. W. A. P'Pool & Bro., have bought out J. T. Harper's stock of groceries at Cerulean Springs.

Frank Dabney is the third candidate for County Attorney to enter the field in Trig county.

Any one wanting a home made sidecar, no top buggy can secure a bargain by calling on L. G. Williams & Co.

The whereabouts of Mr. R. L. Boulware, who left Hopkinsville Feb. 26, is still unknown and his protracted absence is causing his family and friends much uneasiness.

A considerable sprinkle of snow fell Monday evening and "Winter linger in the lap of Spring" to such an extent that ice half an inch thick was formed Monday night.

All persons to whom the late Samuel E. Pryor was indebted will please present their claims and send them to Richard G. Pryor for payment, at his residence, No. 119 Broadway, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A dancing party was given at Mr. George Knight's new residence last Friday night which proved a very enjoyable affair. There were a large number of ladies and gentlemen from a distance in attendance. Elegant music was furnished and everything passed off nicely.

The Court of Claims will meet next Tuesday to lay the county tax levy and make the regular semi-annual appropriations. The session is usually held in May, but the Court commences a month earlier under the new tax law.

The Ohio Valley surveyors are now running a line from Princeton, via Wallonia, Montgomery, Lafayette and on to Florence, Ala. They are evidently putting themselves in shape to make some propositions to somebody, or they would not be surveying a plurality of roads so widely different.

There have been five or six more occasions to the Baptist church, making the total number during the revival 26. Dr. Weaver will preach his last sermon to-night and leave for Louisville to-morrow. It is not yet certain whether or not the meeting will continue after Sunday.

John T. Raymond as "The Woman Hater."

John T. Raymond produced his new play here, "The Woman Hater," at the Walnut Street Theatre last evening in the presence of an audience that filled the house to the top. "The Woman Hater" is a rich bachelor of forty-five, who is very susceptible to the charms of the fair sex and so timid that he professes to hate what he hardly dares to face. In other words, "The Woman Hater" is a fraud, who deceives everybody but the woman. Through his blundering timidity he has found himself engaged to three widows at the same time, one of whom he loves and finally marries. Before his troubles end he is forcibly carried to a lunatic asylum in mistake for another person. The story of the play is very slight, but it gives Mr. Raymond an opportunity for the play of his droll humor, which is the purpose for which it was written. The star is supported by some very clever actors, including Helen Tracy, J. B. Everham, Mrs. Octavia Allen, Wm. Cullington, Harry Pierson, and Miss Belle Pierson. "The Woman Hater" kept the audience in a roar from beginning to end.—Philadelphia Times.

This great comedian will appear here in the above named piece next Thursday, April 7th. It will be the most laughable entertainment of the season and everybody ought to attend. Prices as usual for first-class companies.

SOCIALITIES.

Mr. Robt. McKee has returned from Texas.

Mr. Jno. T. Evans has returned from a trip to Nashville.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Holland, of Paducah, are visiting Capt. D. R. Beard.

Mrs. A. F. Williams, Russellville, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. T. W. Rodman.

Mrs. Thos. L. Graham, of Casky, spent a few days of this week with Mrs. W. J. Graham.

Mr. Lucien Guthrie has secured a position with Mr. J. D. Russell and would be pleased to see his friends at his new quarters.

Senator Jas. W. Bryan, of Newport, candidate for Lieutenant Governor, was in the city yesterday making acquaintances. He is the handsomest man in Eastern Kentucky and one of the brightest young fellows in the state and as a speaker is fully able to cope with any man the Republicans may put in the field, if he should be the nominee of his party.

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The Fruit Killed.

The unseasonable weather of this week has killed all of the early fruit and perhaps shortened the crop of late apples, etc. It is certain that peaches, pears, plums, and early apples are as dead as a herring and fruit will be fruit this year. The mercury dropped low down in the twenties the first of the week and we have been having snow, hail, sleet, ice, cold rains and wintry winds alternately ever since! Strawberries that were budding have also gone the way of all tender fruit and early vegetables have been destroyed, whether they were up or the seed were in the ground. Gardening has received a serious set-back and winter is still on hand and has not even allowed spring to take a seat in its lap. Those who deluded themselves with the idea that spring was approaching have been April fooled.

It has been decided by the postmaster-general, on the advice of Attorney-General Garland, that passes over railroads to government postal employees, in the discharge of their duty, are not prohibited by the interstate commerce law.

COURT NEWS.

REACH ACQUITTED.

The trial of Joseph A. Reach, indicted for manslaughter for killing Matt Amoss, col., last Christians, in this city, was concluded Tuesday and a verdict of acquittal rendered. The case was argued by Townes and Henry for the defense and Payne for the prosecution. The jury was out only about an hour. The facts in the case were detailed in our columns at the time the tragedy occurred. Amoss went to Reach in a threatening manner and accused him of reporting to the police that he, Amoss, had violated the city ordinances against shooting fire-crackers on the streets. Reach denied this when Amoss with a very insulting oath called him a d—d liar and struck him with his fist on the side of his head. Reach stepped back and as Amoss pressed upon him and was in the act of striking again he fired upon him and killed him. The affair occurred at the crossing of Main and Ninth streets. Reach is a stone-mason about 35 or 40 years of age.

Sheriff John Boyd, accompanied by John Fejand, Jr., will leave to-day for Frankfort with 3 convicts for the penitentiary. Jeff Stevenson goes for 21 years and Chad Crutchfield for 2 years and John Bradley for 1 year.

Granville McReynolds, col., was tried yesterday for petit larceny and found guilty and given one month in the county jail. He stole a pipe from Clarence Sallee.

John Hickman, the old negro sentenced to three months in the county jail at hard labor, for stealing coal was released by the court.

The jury in the case of John Bradley, col., who burglarized Stevens' store, took the case Wednesday afternoon, and yesterday afternoon returned a verdict of one year in the penitentiary.

The petit jury was discharged yesterday morning.

A Perilous Adventure.

Deputy Collector Gus H. Moore, of this city, captured a moonshiner still in Grayson county last Saturday night. The discovery of the still was reported by a man named J. C. Stone and Mr. Moore was detailed to capture it. Accompanied by Stone he set out from Leitchfield on foot and after walking about 3 miles through the woods they found themselves in a very rough and hilly place. They followed a winding path through brush along the banks of a ravine in a deep hollow. Then by crawling along they came to a hollow about 50 feet wide and 30 feet deep, and passing over the edge of the bluff they saw by the light of a fire six men seated around the still under the edge of an overhanging rock. Every man of them was armed with a rifle. Remaining quiet they pretty soon saw the entire party shoulder their guns and make straight for the point where they were concealed. They barely had time to dodge to one side when the men passed by within three feet of them without seeing them. They lay perfectly quiet on the ground with cocked revolvers in their hands.

Pretty soon a dog came along that had remained behind and growled as he scented the officers, but passed on without barking. After remaining still for an hour or more, the two went down into the hollow and destroyed several casks of beer and some material for making illicit whisky, after which they took the still and carried it three miles away and destroyed it. They then went to the railroad and walked the track to Leitchfield. The warrants of arrest over to Marshall John Rue, who will

have a dangerous duty to discharge in capturing the offenders.

Turnpikes Best Liked Where Best Known.

The Louisville Courier-Journal's Bowling Green special of the 28th inst. says:

"An election was held on Saturday to decide whether the county should take further stock in turnpikes, so that those already built may be extended a few miles further, which resolved in a vote in favor of pikes over 500 majority."

So it goes. We commend this remarkable action of the wide awake farmers of Warren county, who have been using some excellent turnpikes for years, to the consideration of certain persons in this county who condemn macadamized road as expensive, and injurious to stock. Warren county has a red clay soil with limestone basis, just as this county has. The conditions of the two counties are substantially the same. Nearly all of Warren's turnpikes are constructed of limestone as ours will be. And now after long and thorough trial and careful experience, the farmers of the prosperous county have voted by FIVE HUNDRED MAJORITY to themselves to build more turnpikes. Let our farmers who have hitherto been indifferent to turnpikes, as actually hostile to them, profit by this intelligent example. For the farmers are interested in good roads above all other classes. It is part of their capital stock. One hundred miles of good wagon roads will double the wealth of Christian within five years.

The following is the Honor Roll of Lafayette High School, for March:

Katie Fuqua, 95; Judson Dickerson, 93; Harry Gafford, 91; Mack Purcell, 94; Rosa Williams, 97; Frank Boyd, 91; Ernest Coleman, 92; Charles Hamilton, 97; Lonnie Fraughton, 93; George Free, 98; James Norfleet, 91; Cattie Bruff, 97; James Stevenson, 93; Willie Dawson, 96; Paul King, 99; Lila Ellis, 95; Ernest Ellis, 93; Cora Baynham, 96; S. L. Fugue, Principal.

Kennedy-Thurmond.

Mr. W. H. Kennedy and Miss Lizzie L. Thurmond, both of the Bellview neighborhood, were united in marriage at the residence of the bride's father, yesterday at 10 o'clock A. M., Rev. J. W. Bigham officiating. After the marriage the pair, accompanied by a few friends, left for Mr. B. D. Lackey's residence, near Fairview, where a reception was tendered them. They have the best wishes of a host of friends.

"Hail Horror, Hail!"

is an expression of Milton regarding the "infernal world." It is not too much to say that those who suffer from catarrh would thus express themselves about that disease. Torment and dispair mark their daily existence. However, we can find no specific as a preventive to the febrile complaints of catarrh, except the use of emetics, which are apt to attack natives of the temperate zones suffering from rheumatism and gout, and which have been notorious for years past in North and South America, Mexico, the West Indies, Australia, and other countries.

We have the best stock of Seeds in this market, of all kinds.

EXCELSIOR PLANING MILLS!

ARRIVAL OF NEW SPRING GOODS AT BEN ROSENBAUM'S.

A FULL LINE OF STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS.

CLOTHING.

Boots and Shoes in Great Variety.

DRESS GOODS.

I have opened the prettiest stock of DRESS GOODS.

That has been seen in this place for years, all the new novelties and combinations with trimmings to latest and feel that we cannot fail to please all. A lot of those handsome and body

DOWN THEY GO

Christian Church.

The improvements on the auditorium will be completed this week, and the congregation will worship in the same on Lord's day morning and evening. Services appropriate to the occasion will be held. The subject of the morning discourse will be "The Distinctive Position of the Disciples of Christ." Evening subject "The Central Truth of Christianity."

Seats free, and the public are invited to all services.

AN ABUSED DAY

Why Christmas Should be Observed in the Spirit of Unostentatious Charity.

Christmas is the greatest day in the year. Is there a feeling that there is getting to be too much of it? not too much in the way of kindness and brotherly love, but in the way of worry and expense. The weeks before it are full of feverish excitement, of nervous expectation, of perplexity; the days following it, of exhaustion. Childhood is often tiptoe in two hemispheres, and childhood has become so conscious of its deserts that it is next to impossible to surprise it, except by small gifts. The day has to carry a tremendous load. The obesity that might be distributed in healthful streams throughout the year is poured out in it in prodigal waste by some, who are glad to relieve themselves of it by a single act. In spite of constant care, it is half a dozen weddings, Year by year the expense of fashions increases. This is the dictate of fashion, or owing to the growth of kindly feeling? Is it a spontaneous response to the spirit of the day, or do any people make gifts because they are expected to, and because everybody else does? and, because everybody else does, are we not compelled to do the same? Since the Puritan distrust of this great feast-day abated, the American people, who are the most generous people in the world, have taken up Christmas with the same enthusiasm that lately almost buried funerals under a weight of floral tributes. We readily incline to excess, to an excess that we deserve. It is the project of civilization to teach us that we are not to be swayed by the spirit of the day, or to let it dominate us. It is already a fact that we are in danger of wearing out our strength in the effort to keep up with the rest of the world.

It is the desire of the author to prepare for the Boom call at JOHN MOAYON'S and get the Bargains he is offering in Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes. Remember Honest John.

FRESH FISH, BEEF

Pork and Game, at T. H. Davis & Co's on 7th street. Next door to New Era office.

Children take Lyon's Tastless Syrup of Quinine and never know it is medicine, never fails to cure 50cts. Sold by H. B. Garner.

HOI NOT WEST,

but to M. Lipstein's where you will find the handsomest line of Millinery Goods ever brought to this city. A full stock of Dry Goods, Notions, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps also just in for the spring trade. My goods were bought for cash and I do not want to do business with any other people, and probably get less rest and entertainment. At the rate we are now rushing Christmas are we not in danger of wearing out in a decade or more? It is already a fact that we are in danger of wearing out our strength in the effort to keep up with the rest of the world.

It is the desire of the author to prepare for the Boom call at JOHN MOAYON'S and get the Bargains he is offering in Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes. Remember Honest John.

M. LIPSTEIN.

It is the desire of the author to prepare for the Boom call at JOHN MOAYON'S and get the Bargains he is offering in Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes. Remember Honest John.

NEW GOODS.

We are now receiving our Spring Stock, consisting of the following novelties in Dress Goods, Trimmings, etc.: Sebastopol, English Serge, in all the newest colors; Grey Goods, in every shade out this season; Plaids, checks and hair line stripes; Cashmere, in all colors; Satinets and Batiste; Velvets in all shades, the newest wash goods out; Cable-cord or Rope Ginghams; Zephyr Ginghams, in plaids, plain stripes and checks; Satinette, in all colors; and every kind of lace, embroidery, etc. A full line of Clothing, Piece Goods and Hats, Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloths and Rugs.

Would be pleased to have our customers and friends call and see us before purchasing.

Respectfully,

Jones & Co.

South Kentucky College,

HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

2nd Term 37th Year Begins

TUESDAY, JAN. 25, '87

[2 PROFESSORS AND INSTRUCTORS.

1. Course in Arts, 2. Course in Letters, 3. Course in Science, 4. Course in Engineering, 5. Young Ladies' Course, 6. Normal Course, 7. Commercial Course, 8. Drawing, 9. Thorough instruction in Music, Painting and Drawing.

Admission admitted, but must only in the class-room, under the eye of the instructor.

Prof. Jas. E. Scott, Vice-President.

Feb. 23rd, 1887.

ESTRAY NOTICE

Taken up an estray by W. H. Campbell & Son, in Christian county, Ky., in the Hopkinsville District, near Clarksville road, about 5 miles from Hopkinsville, one white and one black, both feet white. About 15 years old. No other marks or brands are visible. Owner Cuthbert, Jones & Co., 109 Main Street, Evansville, Indiana.

I am very truly yours,

SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

18 AND 20 NINTH STREET.
HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY

ADVERTISING RATES.

One inch monthly, \$1.00; one week, \$1.50; six months, \$9.00; twelve months, \$15.00;
One column one time, \$1.00; one week \$15.00
six months, \$90.00; twelve months, \$150.00.
For further information apply for card of
agent.

Special local 90 cents per inch for each inser-
tion; among reading matter 20 cents per line.
Obituary notices over 10 lines, resolutions
of all kinds, 25 cents per line; portraits of
all kinds, 50 cents per line; and all
advertisements where an admittance
fee is charged 5 cents per line for each inser-
tion.

Cheap Club Rates.

Subscribers to the SOUTH KENTUCKIAN will
receive the benefit of the following cheap club
rates: "The Daily Courier," \$1.00; "The
S. & K. Daily Courier-Journal," \$1.00
"Weekly," \$1.00
"Commercial," \$1.00
"Farmers Home Journal," \$1.00
"Home and Farm," \$1.00
"Daily News," \$1.00
"Sem-Weekly," \$1.00
"Newspaper," \$1.00
"N. Y. Star," \$1.00
"Young People," \$1.00
"Living Age," \$1.00
"Toledo Blade," \$1.00
"Arkansas Traveler," \$1.00
"Peterson's Magazine," \$1.00
"Illustrated Book," \$1.00
"Demorest's Monthly," \$1.00
"Young Folks," \$1.00
"Cottage Hearth," \$1.00
"Young's Companion," \$1.00
"Harper's Weekly," \$1.00
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Treatises of Blood and Skin Di-
seases mailed free. The Swift Spec-
ific Co., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

Hopkinsville Paying Her Way to
Fortune.

(Rev. A. B. Cabaniss, in Western Recorder.)

We visited this place, Mar. 7, coun-
trey court day. We were glad to find
the citizens of this handsome and ad-
mirably located town waked up at
last to the importance of "mending
their ways," and drawing popula-
rity by paying their debts to their
neighbors and to the nation. In doing this,
they have very properly commenced
by utilizing even the stones of the
field. Mr. John C. Latham, a native
of Hopkinsville, but now a successful
banker in New York, has taken \$50,-
000 worth of stock, and the citizens
of Hopkinsville adding \$40,000 to it,
have organized a company to pile all
the roads leading into the great
West. They will have steam
engines, mowers and steam ships possi-
ble. These have done more to develop
the wealth and extend the com-
mence of the world over all lands and
seas than all other instrumentalities
before known.

Hold in this Hopkinsville move,

THE FRUIT OF PROHIBITION.

While they had so many saloons,
too many deposited their surplus
funds in these banks of the whisky
devil, which only paid dividends in
headaches, misery, crime, and poverty.

This naturally made wise and
prudent men slow to invest their
capital in a place like this, and as
nothing else of a permanent nature
occurred, the opinion prevailed that
the ghost was effectively "aided." A

few days since, however, the disturbances
were renewed at the new resi-
dence of the Glidewell family with
redoubled vigor. The skeptical are
mute, and the superstitious say: "I
told you so." The disturbances con-
sist in mysterious movements of
the furniture, and the occupants of
the house, strange noises in unex-
pected places, and unaccountable douches
of water from the ceilings of upstairs
rooms, while persons occupying those
rooms see nothing to indicate the un-
welcome shower-bath that is descend-
ing on the luckless heads of those below.
The bed clothing is also forcibly
removed from the occupants of
the beds.

The ghost, which is certainly
a very unconventional ghost, makes
himself known usually from sun-up
till bed-time, thereby casting reflections
on time-honored customs of his
predecessors. Nor does he perform
for all and all alike, but only breeds
forth when and before whom he sees
fit. Some common-sense visitors
have taken this as an indication that
his ghostly fears experience
varying this boast, and repeating
their visits have had their boastful-
ness rebuked and their new clothes
spoiled by unlooked-for drenchings
of foul-smelling water and other less-
enjoyances.

Mr. J. Price of Auburn, than
whom no one in the community
stands higher for veracity, integrity
and good common sense, visited the
scene of the disturbance, and as
nothing else of a permanent nature
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